

WIZ

ARE
RADIO ONE DJs
**THICK
AS
SHIT?**



RIGHT, MR. VERN, WHEN
I SAY THE WORD "BOLLOCKE"
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO STOP THIS
VEHICLE SAFELY AND UNDER
CONTROL, AS IF A DRS HAD
RUN OUT IN FRONT OF YOU.

**Johnny Fartpants Big Vern
Roger Mellie Brian Trousers
Spoilt Bastard Billy Quizz
Billy the Fish**

HOW!
BIFFA!

IT'S MY TURN
TO DRIVE! LET ME
DRIVE! ME! ME!
ME! ME! ME!



scan by faceless

SAVE OUR SAUSAGES

**FROGS TRY TO BAN BRITISH
BREAKFAST!**



**WIN a TON
of MONEY!**

PLUS

Happy Days are here
again with our **FREE**

World War II
board game!



SHIT THICK!

Shame of D.J.'s who cannot spell their names

Many of Radio One's top disc jockeys are so stupid they are unable to spell their own names. And at least one of the highly paid 'jocks' is **TOTALLY ILLITERATE**.

These are the shock claims being made by Randy Blenkinsop, 38, who has been a disc jockey himself for over twenty years.

PLANK

"Many of the so-called 'top names' on Radio One are as thick as short planks," Randy told us, speaking from the garden shed which has become home to his booming disco hire operation. "In fact I heard from a very good source that only one daytime DJ in the current Radio One line up has any academic qualifications at all - a solitary CSE in domestic science."

SIMPLE

Randy claims that even the simplest links between records have to be scripted and rehearsed over and over again before the simple jocks can get them right. "One popular DJ had to be sent to night classes before he took over the Top Forty Show. He was unable to read the chart countdown, and had never counted up to forty before."

DAFT

"Every single show is recorded weeks in advance, and it often takes them 10 or 12 hours just to record a simple 3 hour show."

Randy denies that there is any element of sour grapes in his accusations, but admits that he has been refused auditions for Radio One on several occasions. "I've sent them tapes before, but they didn't even bother replying. One of the reasons is probably that I'm tall and fairly good looking. It's a well-known fact in the business that most of the Radio One guys are less than 5 feet tall, and alongside me they'd look a bit daft."

Indeed Randy claims that BBC boffins use special effects to make their DJs appear normal when they appear on TV. "When they do Top Of The Pops you never see their feet. That's because they always stand on boxes. And they always get loads of people to stand around them. That's so you can't see how fat they are." Randy claims that one DJ stands a mere 4 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs in at almost 18 stone. "He has to spend 10 hours in make-up before they allow him on Top Of



Top Radio One DJ 'Diddy' David Hamilton. We have no evidence to suggest that he is unintelligent. However he is quite short.

The Pops. If you met him in the street you'd run a mile," said Randy.

Randy has no regrets having missed out on a Radio One career. "It's their loss, not mine," he insists. "In fact, if they offered me a job tomorrow, I'd probably turn it down. And in any case I'm fully booked doing Christmas discos most weekends from now until January."

BROS BREAK MANDY'S HEART

A fourteen year old teenage girl has been heartlessly snubbed by her idols Bros.

HEARTBROKEN

Pop fan Mandy Jones was left heartbroken after the incident, and has vowed never to buy another record by the heart throb group.

BIRTHDAY

Mandy, a Bros fan for over 2 years, sent a letter to twins Matt and Luke Goss inviting them to her fourteenth birthday party at her home in Helmsdale, Northern Scotland. But as Mandy's father Bill explained, on the day of the party the Goss twins simply failed to turn up.

"We waited as long as we could, and eventually the party went ahead without them," he told us. "Mandy was in tears. She'd been looking forward to meeting them, and had told all her friends that they'd be there".

DESPICABLE

Mandy has now given away her collection of Bros records, and has vowed never to listen to the group again. "Pop stars simply don't care about their fans, even though it's the fans they owe their success to, said Bill. "It's despicable the way they treat them".

VIPERS

A spokesman for Bros's record company told us that the Goss twins had been in America at the time, and would have had to cancel their tour in order to attend the party.

PEDAL AWAY THOSE TAG-NUT BLUES

WITH CLAG-GONE!

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A UNIQUE BREAKTHROUGH IN RINGSPIECE TECHNOLOGY

CARBON FIBRE BRISTLES PROVIDE OVER 1,000 HOURS OF CLAG REMOVAL

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3 SPEED CLING-ON REMOVAL AT THE PUCK OF A SWITCH

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LEAVES YOUR GUSSET LEMON FRESH

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- Winnits
- Cling-Ons
- Tag-Nuts
- Dangleberries

It's yours for ONLY £299.99

CLAG-AWAY LTD, BOX 1, PONTFRAC

BEFORE AFTER

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH BETWEEN FIBRES COMPLETE WINNIT REMOVAL



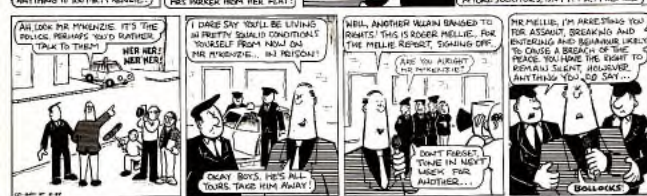


THE MAN ON THE TELLY



NOW, BEFORE YOU RUSH INTO THIS ROGER, REMEMBER, THIS IS INVESTIGATIVE T.V. JOURNALISM. IT'S ABOUT RIGHTING WRONGS AND EXPOSING CRIMINALS. YOU'LL COME FINE TO FACE WITH SOME PRETTY NASTY CHARACTERS, AND THINGS MIGHT GET A LITTLE ROUGH AT TIMES.





Letterbooks

Viz Comic
Ro Backs 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT



I thought my slipper was a beetle!

I was enjoying a nice cup of tea in my front room when I suddenly caught sight of what I thought was a large beetle out of the corner of my eye. Luckily it was just my slipper that I had kicked off the night before.

N. Blackett-Ord
Ashton-under-Lyme

I don't accept all this nonsense that's talked about enamel buckets. I am 52 and can strongly recommend them. When I was carrying my son, Jason, I always used an enamel bucket and now he's a strapping six-footer.

Mrs. Paula Mills
Coventry

Three cheers

for the train drivers!

I think train drivers deserve a large pay rise. The skill required in their job is vastly under-rated. How they steer long trains around bends and manage to keep them on those thin rails is a miracle. Tube drivers deserve even more as they do it in the dark.

Ian Allden
Leeds

"The train arriving on platform 4 is the 18.35 to Staines" said the announcer at my local railway station. Expecting the train to arrive ON the platform I jumped for the safety of the track, whereupon I was hit squarely by an Intercity 125. When are British Rail going to get it right and give their fare-paying passengers accurate information.

D. Silcock
Bracknell

If scientists positioned a large concave mirror in orbit around the earth, the sun's rays would fall on Britain during the night as well as the day, and we could become the world's leading tomato growers.

Dr. Granville Canty
Hebden Bridge

I agree with S. Jones (last issue) that consumer terrorism has gone too far. Yesterday I dropped a jar of strawberry jam on the kitchen floor. Luckily for me it broke because as I was clearing it up, I found hundreds of fragments of broken glass hidden in the jam. I shudder to think what could have happened had I not dropped it.

A. Guindi
Lee Green

Last week I bought a £750 telescope to watch the recent lunar eclipse. The appointed time came and went but the moon did not seem to eclipse. Imagine my disappointment when I realised I'd been watching a street lamp 30 miles away.

P. Turton
Leeds

999/'99'

Mix-Up

I was hit and seriously injured by a speeding car on a zebra crossing recently, while out shopping with my 3-year-old daughter. She seemed quite unimpressed by all the commotion and sat happily playing with her toys while a passerby called for an ambulance. When it eventually arrived her eyes lit up. "Mummy, can I have a 99?", she asked. The poor darling had mistaken the ambulance for an ice-cream van.

Mrs. V. Liar
Redding

Tell it like it is, on the letters page in Viz

Why provide free parking spaces in towns for people who carry a "disabled" parking badge. If I paid 50p to park in a car-park and then developed a headache, I wouldn't expect to get my money back. The trouble with these people is that they want everything for nothing.

Mr. W. Herringbone
Falmouth

What's all this fuss about free eye tests. The only people who object to paying for check-ups are the so-called do-gooders, most of whom wear glasses already. Why should I, and others like me, who have perfectly good eyesight pay higher taxes to subsidise treatment for the blind?

Mr. G. Brown
Berking

I clean my teeth

I am 82 years of age and have never once gone to bed without brushing my teeth thoroughly, even during the war. Can any other readers better this?

Mrs. Patricia Hamilton
Bury St. Edmunds

Well, can you? Are you and old person who has stuck rigidly to a routine involving personal hygiene? Perhaps you have cut your toenails at the same time each week, or cleaned the wax out of your ears with monotonous regularity. Write and let us know. Send your letters to our letter-box address and mark them "Geriatric Hygiene Habits".

My husband had always dreamt of being a professional footballer. But after serving in the merchant navy during the war and then on the railways, he ended up working in insurance until his recent retirement. But now, at 68, he has taken up football again. He has been in training for over a month, and has written to several clubs asking for a trial.

It only goes to show - you're never too old to change your career.

Mrs. E. Brookes
Brinkley

Holiday friendship continues

During a recent holiday at a cottage in the countryside my 4-year-old son made a rather unusual friend - a cow that lived in a field nearby. When our holiday was over he was heart-broken at having to part with his new pal. He was still in tears hours later after our long journey home.

You should have seen his face light up when I led him out into our back garden. My husband had somehow managed to get the cow into the back of our car and had found it a new home - in our coal-shed. Needless to say our son is delighted.

Mrs. E. Redmond
Swansea

Prison Governors who claim their prisons are overcrowded should face the sack. During the war I served on submarines. 200 of us were forced to live, eat and sleep on a submarine no bigger than a double-decker bus. And we didn't complain either.

These governors are supposed to be running prisons - not 4-star hotels.

Able Seaman D. McGough
(Retired)
Cumbernauld

Do you think our prisons are over-crowded? Are the inmates getting a raw deal, or do they deserve everything they get? Perhaps you're in prison. If so, write and tell us how much room you've got. Enclose a sketch if necessary. Send your letters to our usual address and mark the envelopes "How much room we've got in prison".

While out playing football recently my 68-year-old husband suffered a heart attack and died.

Let this be a warning to other elderly folk. Too much exercise, especially in later life, can be a dangerous thing.

Mrs. E. Brookes
Brinkley



Black BAG

THE FAITHFUL
BORDER BIN LINER



After being released from hospital Andrew took Bag for a fishing holiday in a place called Ullapool.



"Guard the crutch boy", said Andrew as he went off to explore a nearby cove.



Bag was joined by a baby seal. The kindly binliner took to the youngster and offered him some fish.



The pals did not notice a strange boat that slid onto the beach.



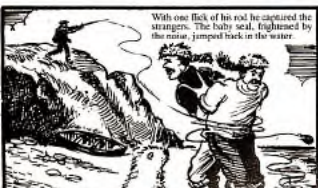
Black Bag wired up the situation immediately and went off to seek help.



"We can get four hats out of this one Boris", said the man with the tape measure.



"Where's the fish, boy?", asked Andrew. "I think I had better investigate."



With one flick of his rod he captured the strangers. The baby seal, frightened by the noise, jumped back in the water.



"You've been a big help sir", said the bobby. "We've long suspected that Ullapool is the centre of an illegal trade in Davy Crockett hats."

SOME OF THE FIDELITY TEAM
SOME AMBIGUITY IN MIND
THE BIRD SHEETS THEY WOULD
MY BLACKBERRY AND APPLE
SOMEBODY - AND LEFT ME WITH
THIS MESSY BOWL OF SOUP
ANGEL DELIGHTS

JOHNNY FARTPANTS



QUACK!



JOHNNY, WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY? WE WANT TO WATCH THE NEWS.

OH, BUT I WAS WIPING THE "FUNKY JOKE LAUGHING SHOW"!



THE WORLD'S STAGES OF NATURAL GAS ARE MUCH LOWER THAN HAD BEEN THOUGHT. EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE AROUND THE GULF TO FIND NEW RESERVES - EVEN HERE IN FULCHESTER.



DUED TO TELEVISION.

HYE!



WELL, DEARER, WITH PLUM AND GAG TRANSFERRED BY THE TEEVY I CAN HELP MYSELF TO THE MOST FULCHESTER DISHES THE LUT GUILD CARRIES A CONNECTION DOWN AT THE FRIDGE.



BRILLIANT! I'LL WOLF MY SWEET LUNCH AND THEN A FEW MINUTES OF ECSTASY BEHAVIOUR ON THE TRAMPOLINE SHOULD WORK UP SOME TELLING TALK-A-TONNAGE TYPHOONS!



THIS LOOKS LIKE AN IDEAL PLACE TO START LOOKING FOR NATURAL GAS RESERVES!

YES!



PROBES LATER, I'LL SET UP THE MARSH-GAS PARTICLE ANALYSER JUST HERE.

OKAY, I'LL GET THE FOSIL FUEL-DETECTOR.



NOT THE HAH! BO! A TON OF GASES AND A LAR OF GAWY BOUNCED AND ALREADY I'VE LET TWO THIRTS GENS GO!

SHU! BUT PERFECTLY TESTIFIED.



WELL, THE FOSIL FUEL-DETECTOR REGISTERS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

FOO!



HMM... YES, BUT WHAT A PONGS!

MAFT!



WELL, AN INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH BEEF AND BOO ME AND TWO LITERS OF BOGA WATER, BOUNCES OFF MY SWEET LUNCH NICELY NOW ON TO THE TRAMPOLINE!



WE SEEM TO BE REGISTERING AREA LEVELS OF HYPODENSE PUMPKIN PIE, ALSO SOME FRAGILE OF POTING FEMALING.

ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING! THIS QUANTIFIED THE UNDOUBTED PRESENCE OF WOLF BOO! AND ABUNDANT SOURCES OF NATURAL FUEL.



YOINKS!

WHAT A CHUFF!

SPROINK!



YAW! THIS MARSH FORTRESS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LAMPOF OF CERTIFICATE BLANDNESS - THIS COULD BE THE LARGEST RESERVE OF NATURAL GAS IN THE WORLD!



WITH THE BULGARIAN GAS BOUND AND THE HUNGARIAN FERTILE TROOPS WE CAN LOCATE THE SOURCE AND THEN CALL THE DRILLING BOYS IN!



OHMY, ITS TEE-THIR, ID BEST HEAD-OFF NAME.



LATER, I'VE BEEN DRILLING OIL AND WE'VE TRACKED THE SOURCE OF LOCAL NATURAL GAS RESERVES TO YOUR PREMISES. HERE'S A BUSHARD POUNDS FOR THE RIGHTS.

THAT'S CORRECT!



NOBODY JOHNNY, NOW FRESHEN! NEED! NEED!

BAH!

DRILLCHURN

SPOILT BASTARD

AND USING MY LIKE TO KNOW THAT THE AD-VENTURES OF BUMBLE, TIMMY AND GORMIE ARE NOW AVAILABLE ON THREE VIDEO CASSETTES, PRICED £4.95 EACH.



BERTIE BLUNT

HIS PARROTS
A CUNT



(BASTARDS!
THAT LOT OF YOU!)



COR!
HERE'S OUR
CHANCE TO
EARN SOME
EXTRA CASH!

MONEY
FOR OLD
FUCKIN'
ROPE.



IT'S NEARLY THREE
NOW! LET'S GET
GOING PERCY...

TALLY-HO!



PERCY...?

ZIP!



BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
WALK YOU OLD BASTARD!
Y'GOT THE GREEN MAN!
WALK!

THANK YOU,
YOUNG MAN.

WHOOSH!

ZOOM!



SCREE



Y'KNOW PERCY, SOMEDAY THESE
PRANKS ARE GOING TO HURT
SOMEONE!

(WELL, WADDYA
KNOW?)

THUD



AND SO...

THIS IS IT
PERCY! OUR BIG
CHANCE!



GOURM! HELLO!
MAYBE WE'D BETTER
PRACTICE A BIT!



TRY THIS PERCY...
WHO'S A PRETTY
BOY? WHO'S A
PRETTY BOY?



LOOK EVERYBODY! A PUFF!
OVER HERE! A MINCING QUEEN!
LET'S GET HIM!

I'LL JUST
GO AND
REGISTER



OMON POLLY, TALK!
PRETTY POLLY!

OH! POLLY!
WANNA MAKE
EGGS? IT



SHAG!



THAT'S HIM! IT'S HIS!
BEASTLY PARROT!



THUD!

NO!
LADIES
PLEASE!



OMON PERCY
LET'S GO.

NOT SO FAST
SONNY!



THANKS TO YOUR PARROT, THE
FAVOURITE TO WIN JUST DIED OF
A HEART ATTACK!

I HAVEN'T
LAUGHED
SO MUCH
SINCE THEY
BOMBED LIBYA!



WHICH LEFT THE WAY
OPEN FOR MY PARROT TO
WIN FIRST PRIZE!

HAVE THIS
HANDSOME REWARD!

QUIDS
IN!

SHITE!



MONEY FOR OLD ROPE EH?
SAY PERCY, HOW D'YA
FANCY A NEW PERCH?

FUCKIN'
WHOOPEE!



FIRST
ROPE PERCH
I'VE FUCKIN'
SEEN!

EEC DROPS BREAKFAST

BOMBSHELL

Britain could soon be waving goodbye to the traditional British breakfast if our European colleagues in the EEC have their way. They plan to ban bangers and abolish bacon, replacing them with scrawny, unappealing 'continental breakfasts'.

Common Market food chiefs are already drawing up their plans for a standard European morning meal, and it could mean the end for our favourite British fry-ups. In 1992 stomachs will be turning up and down the country as we wake up to a plateful of ghastly Euro-nosh.

OUT will go bangers, bacon, fried egg, tea and toast.

IN will be coffee, croissants, onions and French bread.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson hopes to fight off European Breakfast Proposals at a meeting of EEC breakfast bosses in Brussels later this month. He'll have to do some tough talking to defend British breakfast tables, and is under firm instructions from Mrs Thatcher to stick up for the British banger.

GREASY

Leading the campaign for a united European morning meal are the French. As well as thick black coffee and greasy bread rolls, they will



The traditional British breakfast (left) could soon be replaced by the scrawny continental version on the right.



Mr. Lawson yesterday.

include garlic, snails and frog's legs on their international breakfast menu. But the scheme is also being opposed by the Belgians. They insist on stuffing themselves with cakes first thing in the morning.

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

We aren't going to sit back and watch our British breakfast disappear from breakfast tables throughout Britain. We're launching a campaign to Save Our Sausages. We're backing Britain's breakfast, and we want **YOU** to join the fight.

Help save our bacon by signing the declaration below, and sending it to the President of France.

To: The President of France, Paris, Europe.

Dear Sir

You can stick your 'continental breakfast' up your arse.

Signed _____

10 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT BREAKFAST

We all love a good old British breakfast. But how much do we really know about our first meal of the day? Tuck into these ten things you probably didn't know about your breakfast...

1 Although our ancestors lost the Battle of Hastings, they did manage to destory the invading Normans' supply of croissants by setting them on fire, a scene which, in every schoolboy's knows, was vividly depicted in the famous Bayeux Tapestry. After his victory in 1066, William the Conqueror was forced to sample the full English breakfast, and soon became addicted to bacon and eggs!

2 The word breakfast is Latin, and literally translated means to 'stop quickly'. Roman soldiers on the march were only allowed one minute to stop for their morning meal, hence the name.

3 Kelloggs, Britain's foremost breakfast manufacturers, are famous for the '57 varieties' of breakfast cereal. Nowadays they manufacture many more than 57 varieties, and some of them, such as Corn Flakes, they make especially for the Queen.

4 Reg Morris of Walsall, West Midlands, is Britain's biggest breakfast eater. He took only 3 minutes 10 seconds to eat 96

sausages for breakfast one morning in December 1986.

5 Kippers – a flat, bony kind of fish – are another of Reg's breakfast favourites. He scoffed 27 in just under 17 minutes in May 1988.

6 Reg is also a record breaker when it comes to eating frankfurters. He finished off 30 in 64 seconds on the 10th of December 1986. However, he had these for dinner.

7 Many old folk prefer a plateful of prunes to porridge, Weetabix or Puffa Puffa Rice. Gluttonous grans gulp down the dried plums to help make their bowel movements more regular.

8 A 'Breakfast TV' is a small, portable black and white television which can be viewed in the kitchen.

9 Breakfast has been the key ingredient in many recent pop successes, among them UB-40's 'Breakfast In Bed', Supertramp's 'Breakfast In America', and countless hits by sixties chart toppers The Marmalade.

10 In Australia they enjoy breakfast – kangaroo sausages, bacon and emu eggs – last thing before they go to bed!

HEADING FOR A JAM

Britain's road's are bursting at the seams with traffic jams stretching the length and breadth of the nation. For in Britain today there are simply more cars per head of population than there are roads to drive them on. And that's a figure which looks set to double by the end of the decade.

These are just some of the startling figures revealed in a recent survey into the state of our roads. Each day **THIRTY MILLION** drivers slowly make their way to work, in London alone, their cars gobbling up enough petrol to fill the Thames Estuary **every fifteen seconds!** And by the year 2000 experts fear that traffic jams will have become longer than the roads themselves, with cars having to queue in fields, on pavements, in gardens and in every available space, with an average car journey taking anything up to six weeks.

WEALTH

Amazing when you consider that in 1973 only 1.062 people in Britain owned a car. But increased wealth, a need for greater mobility and an influx of cheap cars has led to enormous increases in the number of drivers in the last 15 years. And it leaves the Government facing the greatest threat Britain has encountered since the war.

STANDSTILL

Alarmed Ministry of Transport officials are already thought to be examining several emergency plans to prevent our roads coming to a complete standstill. Among ideas being discussed are believed to be plans for wider roads, or thinner, battery operated cars. Another suggestion under review is a reduction in the number of red traffic lights which are responsible for many of today's traffic hold ups.

VICTIM

However one man believes that the Government is already taking steps to reduce the number of cars on our roads by drastically cutting the number of people qualified to drive. And Arthur Blenkinsop, 52, believes that he has already been a victim of underhand tactics being adopted by the Ministry of Transport.

TEST

Mr Blenkinsop, an unemployed caretaker, claims that Ministry of Transport driving test examiners have been given

EXCLUSIVE

orders to **FAIL** perfectly competent drivers in order to reduce the number of cars on the road. And after failing his driving test on 32 separate occasions in the space of 5 years, he claims he has the evidence to prove it.



The shape of things to come - traffic jams like this will clog every street in Britain.

Government 'cheats' to prevent chaos on crowded roads

"Every time they come up with another cock and bull story about 'failing to stop at traffic lights' or 'failing to report an accident'. But I'm a perfectly good driver. I've held a provisional licence for over 12 years", Mr Blenkinsop told us. But now he believes he has identified the system being used by examiners to fail people at random. "The fifth or sixth time I failed it had been raining, so I was wearing a blue anorak. I remember it was a Tuesday because I'd had to sign on that morning. Later, in the pub, I was talking to a man who'd failed his test the week before, also on a Tuesday. It turned out that he had been wearing an almost identical anorak on the day of his test".

From that point onwards Arthur began to suspect he was the innocent victim of a Government campaign against would-be motorists, and he began making notes of the dates and what he had been wearing at the time of his tests. Before long a clear pattern had emerged.

ANORAK

"On Mondays they fail everybody", he told us. "On Tuesdays you fail if you're wearing an anorak, raincoat or a dark jacket. On Wednesdays you're failed if you wear glasses. On Thursdays all short people, and people aged over 50 are failed. And on Fridays they fail everyone whose name begins with B, N, G or F.

"Unfortunately they vary the days around to prevent people passing by changing their clothes on a particular day", Arthur told us.

PARKA

Arthur points to a letter which he found under a chair in the waiting room at his local Test Centre as evidence of the Government's top secret 'random failing' policy. The photocopy letter headed 'Top Secret' and addressed to all driving examiners instructs them to fail all drivers wearing brown trousers during the month of August. It was signed by a leading Government official.

MACKINTOSH.

Mr Blenkinsop intends to take his case to court in order to obtain justice, and will produce the letter as evidence of his maltreatment. "I simply want a driving licence, which I should have been given a long time ago, an apology from the Government and a refund of all the money I have had to spend on test fees - some £500 in all", he told us.

BLAZER

A spokesman for the Driving Test Centre where Mr Blenkinsop failed his driving tests said he was unable to comment on individual cases, but told us that he was 'aware' of Mr Blenkinsop, and confirmed that he had been failed on several occasions. When our reporter turned up at the test centre wearing brown trousers and a blue anorak he was told that no test dates were available until the end of November.



Mr. Blenkinsop yesterday - "All I want is justice".

QUICK, IN THE HURDLE...
IT'S
BRIAN TROUSERS



BIG VERN



WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I'VE BEEN SHUT IN IN MY DRAIN FOR A MONTH! I'M GOING MAD!



SEE... WELL... ANYWAY... IT'S MY COUSIN PETER'S WEDDING ON SATURDAY - AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO BE AN Usher.



NO CHANCE BRINE! IT'S A SET-UP! YOU'RE TRYING TO PUT ME IN THE FRAME!



HEY VERN! - I WORK FOR BRITISH TELECOM.



NO VERN. HONESTLY WE LOVE TO SEE YOU THERE.



I KNOW A GUY WHO'S A REAL TIGHTY GUY - SHOOTING, WHATEVER.



YEARS! WELL, HE'S GOT TO BE LIKE A TIGHTY GUY.



RIGHT YOU ARE THEN VERN. WE'LL SEE YOU AT 2:00 ON SATURDAY.



SATURDAY ARRIVES...



INSIDE...



BUTTON IT, YOU MUG. YOU DON'T KNOW ME AND I DON'T KNOW YOU.



NOW THEN DO WE HAVE THE RING?



THE RING! CAN I HAVE THE RING?



ERN....



GET DAHN BRINE! HE'S BRINGING FOR HIS PIECE!



SHYARD! GAAR!



POLICE! YOU'VE GOT ME UP BRINE! YOU'VE STIFFED ME! MY GOD! MY GOD!



NO! VERN!



KA-BOOM!

World

IT'S JUST LIKE
THE REAL THING

WAR IS DECLARED

September 1939 and British premier Neville Chamberlain returns from Munich. He has in his hand a piece of paper, signed by Hitler, saying that the war will begin in Poland at 11 o'clock the next day.

ALL THE ACTION OF A WAR

It's been fifty years, almost to the day, since our proud nation marched to defeat the evil Nazi menace. Now, to commemorate our marvelous victory, and as a tribute to our boys who gallantly gave their all, are proud to present this limited edition luxury board game for you cut out and keep.

Relive those magic memories. The ups and downs, the joys and heartaches, all the excitement of World War II. **RUN** for the shelters as the bombs begin. **SCRAMBLE** your Spitfires to prepare to do battle in the sky. It's **ALL HANDS ON DECK** as torpedoes fire.

START

1

2

3

4

5

6

EVACUATION

Thousands of school children, armed with a gas-mask and a year's supply of sandwiches, wave goodbye to their families and board trains bound for the safety of the Welsh countryside. It will be years until they are able to return to their homes.



RULES

It's a game for 2 players. Toss a coin to decide who is the British, and who will be the evil Nazi menace. Cut out and assemble your dice and markers. The black dice is for the Germans, the white one for the British.

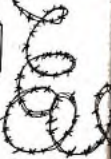
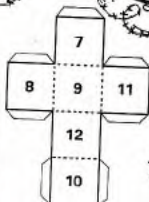
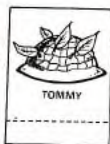
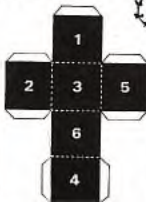
Place your markers on the 'Start' line. The Germans go first because they started the war. Take turns at throwing your dice and moving your marker the appropriate number of places. The first player to reach the 'Finish' line wins the war.

Friends or relatives can join in by singing favourite wartime songs in the background. So why not pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile your way to victory once again.

IT'S
THE
EVACUATION

IT'S
THE
BLITZ

THE BLITZ
Evil Nazi bombs rain down on London, but in the bus shelter and underground stations people go on as usual. Meanwhile, the Queen Mother tends to the injured.



A NOSTALGIC BOARD GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS

War - II



AND EXCITEMENT AT WAR

an enemy U-boat hit home. Yes, **HOLD TIGHT** as you prepare to parachute into occupied Europe as the fight-back begins.

But its not all blood and guts. Remember the good times? The sing-alongs around the piano in crowded bomb shelters. Darna Vera Lynn raising our hearts with her nightingale voice. And those fleeting wartime romances with gallant soldiers home on leave. Yes, they were happy times as well as sad. And now you can relive them all in this exciting, action-packed board game.

D-DAY

At last Britain bounces back! An armada of small boats, private yachts, ferries, fishing boats and rubber dinghies set sail for Dunkirk. On board thousands of British troops eager to have a crack at the Nazis. Within days Berlin has fallen.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

THE GERMAN SURRENDER

Hitler throws in the towel, and Germany surrenders, promising that they won't do it again. At last the British troops can return home, victorious, to their families and friends. Except the ones who've been killed.



RATIONING

"Yes, we have no bananas", say shopkeepers around Britain as ration books come into use. Bananas, eggs, sugar - even trousers are rationed. But good old British spirit is as abundant as ever, and beleaguered Britain keeps smiling through.



10

11

9

12

SCAPPA FLOW

In the most fierce sea battle of the entire war the British Navy corner and sink half the German fleet, including the battleships Bismarck, Tirpitz and Belagran. Once again Britannia rules the waves.



FINISH

8

7



THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

The skies above England are filled with the sound of fierce dog fighting as a handful of gutsy British Spitfire pilots, out-numbered ten to one by their evil Nazi counterparts, make short work of the German Luftwaffe.



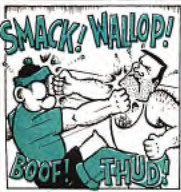
VICTORY

We won the war again, but just to be sure America drops an atom bomb on Hiroshima.



SHEDDING AND
VIOLENCE GALORE, IN

BIFFA'S BIRTHDAY





HUGH PHAMISH

HE'LL ALWAYS CALL A SPADE A YOU KNOW WHAT.

HUGH IS ENTERTAINING HIS GELFRIEND AT A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT.



ERM... I WAS JUST WONDERING... I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.



OF COURSE SR, YOU WILL FIND A PUBLIC TELEPHONE IN THE LOBBY.



NO NO, YOU SEE I NEED TO PUT THE CAT OUT.
AH, I SEE, AND YOU HUSH TO HURRY HOME FOR THIS PURPOSE, I WILL FISH YOUR BILL AND CALL A TAXI, SIR.



HUGH, MUST YOU INSIST ON THESE RIDICULOUS PERFORMANCES EVERY TIME WE GO ANYWHERE?



EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THERE A PROBLEM AT ALL SIR?



YOU CANNOT CONSUME YOUR OWN FOOD IN THE PREMISES.



LOOK HUSH, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL THE WAITER WHAT YOU'RE ON ABOUT.



LISTEN, WHY DON'T YOU JUST PAY THE BILL AND STOP DRIVING LIKE A WAT?



LATER ON...

HUGH, IF YOU WOULDN'T BRUT ABOUT THE BASH THIS SORT OF THING WOULDN'T HAPPEN.



THE SMELL ON THE BUS WAS DISGUSTING!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BESIDES, I WAS THE ONE WHO HAD TO SIT IN IT ALL THE WAY HOME.



ERM... I WAS JUST THINKING- SEEING AS I'VE GOT MY TAIL UP OFF YOU MIGHT LIKE TO DO THINGHMMIS WITH ME.



I THOUGHT WE COULD ENJOY IN THE LAST FORM OF SOCIAL CONTACT.



I COULD TOUCH YOUR NAUGHTY BITS- YOU KNOW- YOUR LADY BUMPS.



I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU HUSH.

WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I'VE GOT MOTHERS THINGS.



BUT IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT WOMEN'S THINGS THAT I WANT TO DO IT WITH YOU.



IT'S OFF GAMES WEEK, HUSH.

OH, DID YOU FORGET YOURS GOT?



LES ANGLAIS DON'T ARRIVES!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



MR LOGIC

BEING AS THIS
TITLE IMPLIES AS
IT PERTAINS TO
MYSELF IS
FACTUALLY
CORRECT.
I SHALL PRESERVE
NO IDENTITIES FOR
FURTHER COMMENT.

**WHAT A
THAT**



AN MEN, ABOUT 1 BELIEVED AT FIRST MAY
HAVE BEEN RULED OUT—THE COMMON
HUMAN LOGIC TRANSPIRE TO BE A MORE
SPECIALIZED FORM OF PUBLIC LOGIC. THIS IS
MOST INTERESTING.



IN ORDER TO RED MY PUBLIC HALLS
OF SAID DISAPPOINT. I FEEL A VISIT
TO AN ESTABLISHED SPECIALIST IN
SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES
WOULD BE SPECIFICALLY THOUGH
IN SUCH A CASE, IDENTIFICATION
BY INDICATORS IS NOT A DEFENSE.



30—
TWO... THIS IS
THE SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED
DISEASE CLINIC.



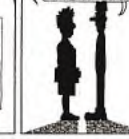
IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL DERIVATION
CONSIDERING THAT THESE THREE MEN
ARE SEEKING TREATMENT FOR SEXUALLY
TRANSMITTED DISEASES.
CO-ACCIDENTAL PROBLEMS.



PERHAPS SO. I HAVE ADVISED
AN INVESTIGATION OF PUBLIC
PATIENTS AND I AM DOING
OF THEIR RESIDENCE.



IF YOU HAVE A BEAT THE DOCTOR
WILL SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES.



DUE TO YOUR PRESUMED RISK, I SAID
IT YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A SEXUALLY
RELATED PHYSICAL PROBLEM, PROBABLY
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS THE HOW
THIS CAME ABOUT, OR DESCRIBE SOME OF
YOUR SYMPTOMS, PLEASE.



I HAVE PUBLIC LOGIC. I HAVE ONLY BEEN INVOLVED
IN ONE SEXUAL ENCOUNTER—THEREFORE THE
DERIVATION CAN BE MADE THAT I HAD SEX
AND LUCK FROM THE PRESENTATION. I HAVE PROBABLY
NOT TO RE-CONSIDERATION FOR THE



DO YOU KNOW WHICH PARTICULAR SEXUALLY
TRANSMITTED DISEASE OR ASSOCIATED INFECTION
YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM? PERHAPS YOU HAVE
NON-SPECIFIC URETHRITIS OR SYPHILIS, WOULD
YOU LIKE TO SEE MY PUBLIC LOGIC THEY
ARE MOST INTERESTING.



MOST VENEREAL DISEASES CAN
BE CURED WITH PENICILLIN. HOWEVER, THERE WILL NO DOUBT
BE A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF
YOUR CENTRALS BEFORE DIAGNOSIS.



PERHAPS YOU HAVE
GONORRHEA, DISCHARGE
OR OTHER, WEEPING BLOOD.



JUST THEM. JOHN D. SMITH?
JOHN D. SMITH? NOT A. ALFRED
BLOOMER? NOT.



FREDERICK BLOOMER... NOT
OR WELL, EVERYONE SEEMS TO
HAVE SOME. WELL, THE DOCTOR
WILL SEE YOU WHEN SEE.



WELL THEN, LET'S SEE THE PATIENT.
I AM THE PATIENT.



3 DAYS LATER... COME ALONG NOW, LET'S
SEE JOHN THOMAS.



IS THIS THE MAN

Over millions of years, since the dawn of time began, man has constantly undergone change, adapting to meet the challenges of his ever-changing environment.

From the moment millions of years ago when fish-like men first crawled out of the sea man has continued to undergo a series of dramatic evolutionary changes that have altered our physical appearance beyond recognition. From small lobster shaped aquatic creatures, through four legged monkey, ape and eventually human form, man has come full circle on the evolutionary roundabout of change.

BODIES

So what future lies ahead for the human race? How will our bodies respond to changes in the environment? What will man look like in the year 2000? With the help of science, perhaps we can answer that question.

BERRIES

Study of prehistoric remains show clearly that man's **ARMS** are getting shorter. There was a time many years ago when prehistoric man picked berries from tall trees, and walked with his long arms dragging on the ground behind him. Today our arms aren't nearly as long, fitting comfortably into our trouser pockets. Experts believe that with less demands being made on arms nowadays they will continue to shorten, making our obsolete elbows things of the past.

BUSIER

Unlike our arms, **HANDS** have become busier. Man has entered the computer age, and our ten fingers work flat out to operate the growing keyboards that



A man as we see him today.

larger computers demand. The fingers of the future will be shorter - perhaps with only one joint - but there will be lots more of them. Perhaps as many as ten on each hand.

BRAINS

Our **HEAD** is the heaviest part of our body. But like the cumbersome computers of the fifties and sixties, our bulky **BRAINS** will soon be consigned to nature's dustbin. Instead man will think **10 MILLION** times as quickly, and have a memory capable of storing every phone number in the London telephone directory. Microscopic brains the size of a pinhead will be nature's answer to the micro chip. Man's head will, as a result, be much smaller - about the size of a golf ball, and according to the experts will be mounted on a long, flexible neck, not dissimilar to a giraffe's.

In the future man will look back and laugh at the primitive forms of communication we use today. Old fashioned speech will be as redundant as the cave man's spear. Instead we will have developed **RADAR EARS**, looking more like satellite dishes than the ears we see today. And our poor eyesight will be unheard of. Man will be using **INFRA RED VISION**. 'Remote control' eyes will send out an invisible beam - similar to



Commuting to work will only take seconds - an artist's impression of man in the year 2000.

the TV controls we use today - and high quality 'flat screen' TV pictures will be produced inside your head, complete with Ceefax. Spectacles will become museum pieces in the year 2000. If your vision becomes blurred, simply change your batteries!

BISCUITS

Man's **TEETH** have become increasingly small through the ages. The 7 inch razor sharp teeth of our cave man ancestors disappeared along with the dinosaurs they were

used for eating. As man's diet has evolved, so have his teeth. Now we have smaller, flat teeth for chewing potatoes, rice and biscuits. More convenience foods, combined with a need for faster eating, will produce small, dolphin-like teeth, inside a streamlined, 'duck' bill. And there'll be a pelican style pouch for storing food for short periods.

BREASTS

Bad news for dentists in the year 2000. 'Self drilling' teeth will automatically fill themselves while you sleep, in a totally painless operation, using special chemicals secreted by dental glands in the mouth.

BOTTOMS

The digestive system of the future will be so efficient that man will have no waste products to dispose of. **BOTTOMS** will be for seating purposes only - a kind of flesh filled 'beanbag', providing a comfortable seat no matter where you are.



OF THE FUTURE?

Many people today suffer from rheumatism and troublesome knee joints. Nature's way of telling us that the **LEGS** of today simply aren't up to scratch. New modern legs will see knees replaced by telescopic, spring loaded joints, enabling man to leap, kangaroo-like, over huge distances at speeds of up to 300 miles per hour. Our **FEET** and **ANKLES** will look more like aeroplane undercarriages than the smelly and uncomfortable contraptions we walk on today. Axles will replace creaking ankle joints, and

smooth running caster wheels will spring up where once we had toes.

BARNSELY

It's hard to believe that in the course of time such incredibly complex physical change can take place. But these developments are nothing compared to those which have already occurred over man's brief history on Earth. We cannot hope to ever fully understand nature. We can but marvel at this incredible evolutionary balancing act that we call life.

What the stars think...

We decided to ask a few well-known celebrities how they'd react to meeting the Man Of The Future.

Bubbly "Hi-De-Hi" actress **SUE POLLARD**, alias "Miss Cathcart", wasn't in when we called, however a spokesman revealed that Miss Pollard was fully booked until Christmas, and could be seen starring in Dick Whittington at the Bristol Hippodrome until the end of the season.

"No I would not", said former British motor racing champ **JACKIE STEWART** when asked whether he'd like to race against the man of the future. Jackie's racing driver son Paul may well be more enthusiastic, but he was unavailable for comment.

American pop Queen **DONNA SUMMER**, recently back in the charts with hits like "I Don't Wanna Get Hurt" and "Love's About To Change", was saying nothing. "This whole thing sounds rather childish and far-fetched," a spokesman for her record company told us.



OPINION with CHARLES PONTOON The Man who Speaks his Mind



So the Princess Royal and Captain Mark Phillips are to separate. Sad news indeed, but I for one applaud their courageous decision. They are after all only human, and they suffer the same emotions and conflicts as any other married couple. They are entitled to make their own decision, and we must respect it.

But who paid for their wedding, anyway? Yes, that's right, **YOU and ME**, Joe Muggins, that's who. And were we invited? Like hell we were. And now they have the nerve to throw it back in our faces.

Well I for one won't stand for it. If they don't like each other, then they shouldn't have got married in the first place.



Once again we must all hang our heads in shame as thugs masquerading as football fans bring disgrace upon our nation, this time on Swedish soil. These louts shouldn't be allowed out of their homes, never mind out of the country.

But what did the Swedish police do when confronted by these hooligans? That's right. They turned tail and ran.

If they can't handle a few of our boys having a bit of fun, they shouldn't be playing international football.

They should stick to what they're good at - making cuckoo clocks and Lego.

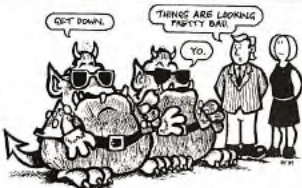


Beethoven, Michelangelo, Hans Christian Anderson. All great Europeans who have enriched countless lives with their work. And in 1992 Britain will become a part of that great European community.

We must endeavour to make that relationship work for everyone's benefit.

But already they tell us we can't strike our own children, make us wear seatbelts in our own cars, and ask us to carry stupid pink passports. Next they plan to take away our British currency - money that we've worked hard all our lives for - and replace it with a 'European Monetary Unit'. What poppycock.

There's only one currency that these foreigners understand, and we dropped it on Dresden forty-five years ago.



MENTAL METAL MAYHEM MANIA!

- Psycho Death Thrash Monsters Storm Top Ten

Big money continues to roll in to the Viz Top Ten in the wake of last issue's sensational £200 No. 1. And it's no-holds-barred psycho death metal thrash acid house maniac rockers **NAPALM DEATH**, who steal the show this time round with a blistering bribe of £250.

That's enough to thrust their manic head banging drug crazed EP 'Mentally Murdered' straight in at No. 1. A spokesman for the fast and furious fire breathing five piece told us the band were on tour in November together with hardcore cohorts **MORBID ANGEL**, **CARCASS** and **BOLTHROWER**. They promise an evening of good, clean family entertainment - tunes you can whistle to - at the following venues: November 9th Preston Guildhall, 10th Manchester International 2, 11th Glasgow OMU, 12th Birmingham Hummingbird, 14th Nottingham Rock City, 16th London Kilburn National. Tickets priced £5.50 (London £6.50).



Well loaded - £69.

WELL LOADED aren't any more. They had to fork out £69 to pay for third place, while Scotsmen **REFORM CLUB** threw forty quid to the wind, but it was enough to put their current EP in fourth place.

THE AMERICAN ROSE aren't from America, and they're not from Southern England either. They were second top in our June chart when we described them as 'Southerners'. The band promptly complained. They are in fact from Scunthorpe, in the West Midlands. This time round they elected to split their bribe between two

records, and end up with 5th and 9th places.

There's an obscure and tenuous underwater connection between the bands at No. 7 and 8. **RANCID HELL SPAWN** and **CATFISH THERAPY** both have fish associated words in their names. Catfish Therapy's debut 12" is available from North East record shops, while 'Hell Spawn's LP is still available by post for a fiver from Wrench Records, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX. Having slipped from 4th to 7th place in this issue, it will take a substantial bribe to prevent it disappearing from the chart altogether next time round.

'Very Rude Songs For Very Rude People, Volume 1', is a collection of side-splitting, saucy and at times obscene rugby songs. However, accompanied by a bribe of only £18.89 it failed to make the chart. If the publishers of this hilariously funny tape send us another £50 cash, we'll publish the address from which their incredibly amusing cassette can be purchased, for only £7.95 including post and packaging.

London's **BOMB PARTY** had no luck either. They sent 60,000 Italian lira in the hope of getting their single 'Sugar Sugar' into the chart. But as regular readers will already know **foreign money doesn't count**. We accept sterling only, preferably cash, and all bribes must be sent to our Top Ten address which is Viz Top Ten, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Regrettably we cannot accept any form of gifts. It's strictly cash only.

• The Viz TOP Ten •



Manic death crazy rockers Napalm Death yesterday.

1	NAPALM DEATH <i>Mentally Murdered</i>	£250.00
2	BOOBY BIRDS <i>Let Them Fly Free</i>	£99.99
3	WELL LOADED <i>Sun Don't Shine</i>	£69.00
4	REFORM CLUB <i>Book of Reasons Parts 2-4</i>	£40.50
5	GOD'S LITTLE MONKEYS <i>New Maps of Hell</i>	£29.54
6	AMERICAN ROSE <i>I Need You</i>	£25.79
7	RANCID HELL SPAWN <i>Jumpin' Jack Flesh</i>	£21.21
8	CATFISH THERAPY <i>The Harm That You Do</i>	£21.00
9	AMERICAN ROSE <i>Death by the Gun</i>	£20.17
10	SKABOOM <i>The Plan</i>	£20.00

FORGET-ME- -NOT



Who knows what fate has in store for us? Love comes out of the blue, or so they say. That was certainly the case for one young couple who one day bumped into each other... quite literally.

For a few seconds, the couple stood dumb...



WE MUST BE SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA — A TOTAL LOSS OF MEMORY — CAUSED BY THE BUMP ON OUR HEADS.



PERHAPS WE SHOULD WALK AROUND A LITTLE, SEE IF WE REMEMBER ANYTHING.



They chatted for what seemed like hours...





SUICIDAL SYD

HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO POP HIS CORK



ZIP O'LIGHTNING

13-YEAR OLD CURLY TOMKINS' DREAM OF MEETING A REAL-LIFE ALIEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET WAS ALWAYS BEEN GREETER WITH SCORN BY HIS SCHOOLMATES. BUT THEIR LAUGHTER DIDN'T BOTHER HIM ANY MORE NOT SINCE HE HAD BECOME FIRM FRIENDS WITH ZIP O'LIGHTNING, THE BOY FROM MARS?



IT ALL BEGAN ONE ORDINARY DAY AFTER SCHOOL...

LOOK! THAT STRANGE GLOW IN THE SKY... IT'S A UFO!

IT'S A STREETLAMP.

LOOK, STOP HANGING ROUND OS TOMKINS, YOU FUCKING WEIRDO!

THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS FLYING SAUCERS? I'LL SHOW THEM ONE DAY!

JUST THEN —

HEY, YOU! I'M A MARTIAN, RIGHT, AND THIS IS MY SPACESHIP. I'VE JUST CRASH-LANDED ON YOUR PLANET WITHOUT ANY MONEY OR FOOD, AND STUFF.

60SN!

CORNLINKS

THE INTER-STARLINE YOUTH'S NAME WAS ZIP O'LIGHTNING, AND HE EXPLAINED TO THE WIDE-EYED CURLY HOW THE ENGINES ON HIS CHICKENBOARD-BOX-LIKE SPACESHIP HAD FIRED WHEN HE WAS CRUISING PAST THE EARTH'S ORBIT—LEAVING HIM HUNGRY AND ALONE ON AN ALIEN PLANET!

DON'T WORRY ZIP, COME WITH ME—I'LL BE YOUR PAL!

SHORTLY, AT CURLY'S HOUSE—

HELP YOURSELF, ZIP—THERE'S PLENTY THERE!

WHERE'D YOU KEEP THE BEER?

I'LL USE THIS STEREO FOR SPARE PARTS TO FIX MY SHIP. GOT ANY MORE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT?

THERE'S A TV AND VIDEO IN THE OTHER ROOM!

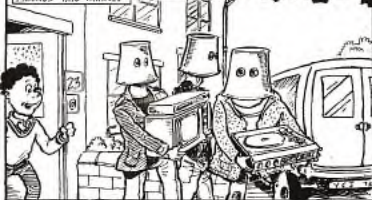
RIGHT, YOU GET THE STUFF TOGETHER WHILE I PHONE UP SOME ALIEN MECHANICS WHO LIVE NEAR HERE, TO COLLECT IT.

ALIEN MECHANICS, LIVING RIGHT HERE IN BARTLEPOOL! TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, CURLY RUSHED ROUND THE HOUSE, GATHERING ALL THE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES HE COULD FIND.

I BROUGHT SOME THINGS FROM UPSTAIRS, TOO!

NICE WORK, CURLY.

WITHIN MINUTES ZIP'S EXTRATERRESTRIAL FRIENDS HAD ARRIVED



COME ON ZIP, I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND— THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT MUST SEEM PRETTY STRANGE TO YOU!

YEAH, RIGHT



CURLY LISTENED ENTHRALLED AS HIS SPACE-TRAVELLING CHUM TOLD HIM OF EXOTIC CIVILISATIONS ON DISTANT PLANETS; AND HE WAS PEEVED HE COULD BE WHEN ZIP MONOURED HIM WITH THE CEREMONIAL MARTIAN GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP...

KNUT!

OOFF!



NOW, FOR THE SECOND PART OF THE CEREMONY YOU TAKE ME TO A PUB AND BUY ME SEVERAL PINTS OF LAGER.

OKAY, ZIP.



SO, SHORTLY...



SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE? THAT'S CAPTAIN FUCKFLAPS, THE ARCH-VILLAIN FROM PLANET VENUS. WHY DON'T YOU BRING HIM TO JUSTICE WITH THIS DEATH-RAY GUN?

THE YOUNG EARTH BOY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARST COULD THAT SEEMINGLY ORDINARY VICIOUS TRIP REMAY BE AN INTERGALACTIC CANNIBAL? CATCHING THE BOTTLE-SHAPED GUN, CURLY BOLDLY CROSSED THE ROOM...



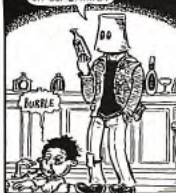
ALL RIGHT, FUCKFLAPS— I'M TAKING YOU IN!



**CRACK
MAIM
TWIST
STOMP
GOUGE**



HMM, THE SAFETY CATCH MUST HAVE JAMMED, OR SOMETHING.



TELL YOU WHAT— I'LL SELL YOU THIS PACKET OF MARTIAN CURE-ALL TABLETS FOR TEN GUIN: THEY'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.



EVEN AS HE LAY BLEEDING, CURLY FELT A SURGE OF HAPPINESS. HE WOULD NEVER BE LONELY AGAIN. FOR NOW HE HAD A REAL PAL, A PAL FROM BEYOND THE STARS— ZIP O'LIGHTNING!



Billy the Fish

FELT THAT RECOMMENDING
WEDNESDAY OVER JOURNALISM
HAD BECOME HIS FAVORITE
BACK INTO THE (OF DRAGON)
EFT IN THE MOUTH OF THE
DISCARTING, IT WAS A
PACED REGULATIONS ABOUT
MANAGER TOMMY BROWN'S
PRIVATE LIFE LOOK SET TO
FORCE HIS RESIGNATION...





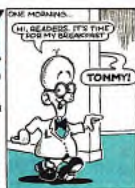
ROGER IRRELEVANT

'HE'LL ALWAYS CALL
A SPADE A FROG'



TOMMY SALTER'S

Chemical Capers



BILLY

Quiz

BILLY AND GLENDA
HAVE INVITED
FRIENDS TO DINNER

